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The Cheerful Letter

Every place a church; every day the Lord's day; all events blessings; all joy thanksgiving; and all nature and life full of God.—James Freeman Clarke.

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PSALM FOR A MORNING

The Lord openeth the door of my sleep, and biddeth me to enter the day therefrom.
He greeteth my step with the grass, and appointeth mine eyes with a landscape of trees.
He maketh me to stand in the cities of the birds' songs to the morning:
He causeth the season of my path to be one of all seasons, and the old leaf at the roots he maketh forgot.
He draweth forth my heart like a dove, and causeth it to precede me toward the house of His Word, wherein I shall dwell.
Surely His is the hand which shall undo the latches of my sleep in the grave.

—R. Ellsworth Larsson in The Commonweal, New York.

UNKNOWN HEROES

"Hid are the saints of God; uncertified by high angelic sign," once wrote an old Christian poet, and this is the measure of many a man and woman whom God calls to live and labor in obscurity. Not all the heroes reach the limelight — by far the greater number, and the most worthy, from God's point of view, never are known outside of their own immediate circle of relations and friends. They are of that vast multitude of unknown heroes who possibly are remembered by some trait of character that shines dimly and whose virtues prove that it is quite possible to love and serve God, yet always remain "unwept, unhonored and unsung!"

Men and women are living and working today, in this and in heathen countries, whose talents if applied to secular uses would call forth the highest commendation. Given to diplomacy, for instance, these talents would be heralded far and wide, but God wills it otherwise and the unknown heroes are content to live their lives and do their work in accordance with His plan.

Women in the home, with their unceasing round of duties day after day; the sameness of their work being exceeded only by its laboriousness; far too lightly appreciated even by those for whom they give their lives in uncomplaining service; these, too, belong in the class of unknown heroes. Only the Recording Angel knows their work, soothes their sorrows and assuages their pain. Yet in public life they would be received with the acclamation accorded a hero.

Picture in your mind a bridge over a wide, turbulent river. Pedestrians pass and re-pass over it; teams lumber over it from one side to the other; even trains with their load of freight and passengers run over it in safety. Year after year this bridge stands there as a monument to man's ingenuity, a necessity in this age of progress. We see only that part above the water line but that is not all; that alone would not make possible the stream of traffic that pours over it.

What supports the bridge? Deep down below the water line and imbedded in the mud and slime the stones of the piers reach to solid foundation. Out of sight and filthy with the accumulation of barnacles they stand, a very necessary adjunct to the continuance and safety of the bridge.

Like these foundation stones is the work that God calls many of us to do. Away from the busy marts of trade; out of the

track of the ever-expanding civilization; in the fastnesses of the world, some one must do God's work in the uplift of mankind and the accomplishment of his salvation.

Those who are native to these out-of-the-way places are children of God even as we are, albeit often they do not know it. Who will tell them? Who is willing to "mock the cross and flame"—at least in a figurative sense—that these heirs of God may know of their rich inheritance? The call for workers today is as loud as it was when Jesus walked this earth. God still wants men and women to separate themselves from the crowd and go into the desert bearing the message of salvation and living lives that benefit by example. He still calls us to leave our homes and loved ones and go abroad that the heathen whom he loves may be told the message.

No acclamation will herald our work; no human eye may see, no human voice may praise. Only the voice of conscience and the satisfaction of work well done will console.

The making of one of God's heroes may be in you; in me; yet the world never may know, would not care if it did!

—Rev. Alan Pressley Wilson, Chaplain-in-Chief, United Spanish War Veterans, Baltimore.

Life offers no joy like a friend,
Fulfillment and prophecy blend
In the throb of a heart within our own—
A heart where we know and are known.

—Lucy Larcom.

ATMOSPHERE

There is an atmosphere which is not subject to chemical analysis and not explained by any reference to material environment. It is the air our minds are breathing and to which our inner selves are sensitive. We cannot believe—as primitive Christians believed—that the surrounding air of the outward world is full of spirits; but we all know that on occasions, if not all the time, we are surrounded by a spiritual atmosphere which has great potency for good or ill. We cannot believe in the diabolical "prince of the power of the air," of whom St. Paul wrote; but we can have no doubt that atmosphere is a ruling influence for encouragement or discouragement in our life.

What makes the atmosphere of a home? Partly things that are seen; but in greater part things that are not seen. And the atmosphere of a home can inspire a person for good when the familiar faces of home are far away in distance or far away across the years. What makes the atmosphere of a school? Partly this or that feature of the school's arrangements; but in greater part something on which you cannot put your finger. And the atmosphere of the school can be a force making for wholesome manhood and womanhood when all the lessons have been forgotten. What makes the atmosphere of a church? Partly architecture and the art of worship; partly what is in the preacher and in the congregation; but in greater part something which escapes any strict identification. And the atmosphere of a church may do all that St. Paul meant when he wrote about "sitting together in heavenly places"; it may set the soul firm again amid the high and lovely things of life; it may send people forth—as Dr. Fosdick says every church should exist to do—send them forth looking up and not looking down. What makes the atmosphere in which personal relationship grows strong and steadfast and beautiful? No doubt partly this in daily circumstance and that in ethical character, plainly determined; but in greater part an element which immerses the whole personality. Here two people meet and all seems set for fine agreement and worthy achievement; but there comes only chill and disappointment. The atmosphere is wrong. Here are two others, perhaps with much against them and much to overcome; but the warmth of congeniality increases and courage never fails to rise and match the foe. They are breathing a good atmosphere; and nothing poisonous, nothing permanently hurtful, can hold sway in that sun-filled air.

It matters enormously that we should not merely accept but also contribute to the quality of this impalpable element. Perhaps when we feel that our strivings—in home, school, church and every sphere—are of poor effect, we are succeeding in the most important thing. We are preventing the atmosphere from being spoiled; we are aiding the healthful forces in the spirits of others; we are bringing the change of air so that deadly, hateful powers shall find it harder to exist, and the powers that make for harmony and moral beauty shall grow stronger and lift the soul of the world into very glorious places.

—Rev. Vivian T. Pomeroy.

COOKING THE FALL VEGETABLES

Variety lends enchantment to the most commonplace vegetable. Even the humble cabbage and carrot may be transformed into most delectable delicacies, when one makes new, interesting dishes.

Stuffed Carrots

Select short, fat carrots, rather than long, narrow ones. Boil, and when cooled, scoop the center out with the apple-corer. Fill the cavity with the following:

One small onion, very finely chopped, and fried in 1 teaspoon of butter, 1 hardboiled egg mashed thoroughly.

Add to the egg and onion mixture an equal amount of deviled ham, and fill the carrots. Brush them over with melted butter, and put in the oven around a roast of beef, when the roast is nearly done. Place meat on a platter when baked, surround with the stuffed carrots, pour brown gravy over meat and around carrots, and serve.

Corn a la Mephistopheles

Melt 3 tablespoons butter, add 1 teaspoon chopped chives. Blend in 4 tablespoons flour, and add gradually 1 cup milk. Cook until it thickens, then add 1 egg, beaten slightly, and 1 can of corn. Season with 1 teaspoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon paprika. Sprinkle 1 cup of buttered bread crumbs on top. Cook in a moderate oven, until corn is cooked and crumbs are nicely browned.

Carrots and Rice

Two medium sized carrots, boiled and chopped fine, 1 cup boiled rice. Place alternate layers of carrots and rice in a buttered baking dish and pour over it a white sauce made as follows:

One cup milk, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons flour, salt and pepper. Put the butter in the top of the double boiler. When melted, blend in the flour. Slowly add the milk and cook until it thickens. Season with salt and pepper. Pour over carrots and rice, put buttered bread crumbs on top and bake about ½ hour in a moderate oven.

Carrots with Mint Sauce

Select small young carrots and boil whole until they are tender. Drain, season with salt and pepper and reheat in a sauce made in the proportion of 2 tablespoons of butter to 1 teaspoon finely chopped mint. Young beets cooked the same way are very delicious too.

Mock Cauliflower

Take off the outside leaves, cut in quarters and remove the stalk of a young cabbage. Cook about 30 minutes in boiling salted water. Drain and chop coarsely. Reheat in a white sauce made by melting 2 tablespoons of butter, blending in 2 tablespoons of flour and stirring in very gradually 1 cup milk. Season with ¼ teaspoon of salt and a dash of pepper.

Creamed Turnip

Boil 4 cups of diced turnips until tender. Drain and reheat in a cream sauce, made as follows:

Melt 4 tablespoons butter, add gradually 4 tablespoons flour, add very slowly, 2 cups of milk. Cook until thickened, and season with salt and pepper.

—Helen Wentworth Gushee.

A tasty soup can be made of leftover peas, beans or carrots cooked slowly for 20 minutes and then mashed and added to a thin white sauce, highly seasoned.

Rings left in clothing after it has been cleaned with gasoline may be avoided if a pad is put under the spot before gasoline is applied. Rub from the circumference of the circle toward the center. Rubbing around a spot is more necessary than rubbing on it. Always rub dry.

To prevent casters on legs of tables, oil stoves, chairs, etc., marking up linoleum, put glass cups under them.

When a recipe calls for sour milk and you have none at hand, put half a teaspoonful of vinegar into a cup of sweet milk and bring to a boil. This also improves a cake.

MY HERO

She fed him on popples and waffles and truffles,
That sweet little home-making bride.
She decked things in frillies and dofunny ruffles,
With spriglets of green on the side.

He ate up his popple, his truffle, his whaffle,
He knew just the way that she felt.
He wouldn't offend but his hunger was awfle—
He pulled in three holes in his belt.

She still gave him truffles and waffles and popples,
That dear little sweeter than sweet.
While he yearned for a steakle and also pork chopples,
Potatles and something to eat.

—Clipped.

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. J. A. McCaddin, 21 Ashfield St., Roslindale, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card asking "**Shall** I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. McCaddin, saying that you **have** sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

SPECIAL NOTICES

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When requesting books for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word. We do not undertake to send correpondents money, clothing or household goods. Letters asking for that sort of assistance cannot receive attention. Letters not signed cannot be printed.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

Those who enjoy receiving books and magazines are asked to remember that they, in their turn, can give much pleasure if they will take pains to write to the persons who send such reading matter. In cases where no word of response goes back—not even to say that the books or magazines were received—senders may suppose the parcels were not welcome. Let us each do our share.

APPEALS

1. Mrs. Laura Pennington, Rugby, Va., has not heard from the *Cheerful Letter* people for some time and hopes they have not forgotten her. Her husband has been dead for two years and she finds life very lonely. Perhaps some one will send her some cheer through the winter months. She is piecing a yarn and silk quilt but doesn't have scraps enough of either to finish them. If some one has hooked rug patterns or a second-hand hook, Mrs. Pennington would appreciate them; also reading or something to keep her busy during the long months coming.

2. I haven't written for a long time and I would enjoy some books, quilt pieces, or thread. With best wishes, Mrs. W. W. Bodger, Sturgills, N. C.

3. Mrs. Lessie B. Rea, Spencer, Va., is interested in some books for her three boys, ages 17, 15, and 12; "Under the Tonto Rim," "At the Foot of the Rainbow," "Ben Hur," "Bishop Murder Case," and the "American Magazine." Mrs. Rea would appreciate some quilt scraps and thread.

4. It is very lonesome on the farm and I would like something to read. Any good books or magazines that someone can spare would be welcome. Mrs. L. E. Lassiter, Potecasi, N. C.

5. I live far from friends and church and get very lonesome. I have two children, a girl 2½ and a baby, 4 months. My health is poor and I am obliged to stay in the house and would appreciate some cheer, reading material or quilt pieces. Haven't heard from the *Cheerful Letter* friends for a long time and would like to receive letters again. Your lonesome friend, Mrs. Bessie Ballard, R. 2, B. 223, Benton, Ark. (Was Bessie Emerson before her marriage.)

6. Mrs. Lanta Sturgill, Sturgills, N. C., hopes this letter will find space in the *Cheerful Letter*. She wants to thank all who have sent cheer in the past and hopes to hear again this winter, as she hasn't heard from her friends lately. Mrs. Sturgill is piecing a quilt but needs more scraps to finish it. Her children go to school and would like some scrapbooks or reading material to amuse them through the winter months.

7. I am 23 years old and live on a farm several miles from a library. I am interested in books and magazines. Reading material and letters of cheer certainly will

be appreciated. Miss Ruth Gross, Maxwell, Va.

8. Mrs. Otis Lawless, Patrick Springs, Va., is a young farmer's wife and is the mother of two girls, 3½ years and 7 months, and a boy of 2. She is anxious for some good books and quilt pieces.

9. I haven't heard from the *Cheerful Letter* ladies for a long time. I get very lonesome while my little girl is in school. I would be pleased to be remembered with silk and velvet pieces for quilts, and embroidery thread. Also cards for my little girl. I hope some of the ladies will write me. Mrs. Jim Pendleton, Elamsville, Va.

10. I am coming to you for a little cheer as I am an invalid and my husband isn't able to work. We have one boy who works in the cotton mill and one girl 10 years old. I would be so glad of some magazines and books to read. Mrs. J. T. Watson, Mills Rural Station, Rockingham, N. C.

11. Mrs. John Scarboro, Ansonville, N. C., wishes the following plea published in our little paper. Her husband is in a Veterans Hospital at Oteen, N. C., for tuberculosis. He is a World War veteran. She is alone and very discouraged and writes us for cheer, good reading and quilt pieces. In closing she says, "May God richly bless you in your good work."

12. I am coming to you for a little cheer. I am a widow and live with my father and mother who are invalids. I work very hard to support them and a little sister. It is discouraging to work so hard and never get anything. I would appreciate some books and magazines or anything that would cheer me. Mrs. Alice Alford, Mills Rural Station, Rockingham, N. C.

13. Mrs. Willie Gray, B. 56, R. 1, Critz, Va., is interested in any kind of papers or books and also something for her two boys to read, who are 9 and 11 years old. Her husband is not very well and when the boys are at school she gets very lonesome. She would also appreciate some quilt scraps to work on winter evenings.

In Memoriam

Mrs. Lydia C. Nelson, Hutchinson, Minn., for many years a grateful Cheerful Letter correspondent.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Mrs. Jesse Broadaway, from R. 3 to R. 1, Polkton, N. C.

Mrs. Mattie Beverage, from Dabney, Ark., to Parkdale, Ark., R. 3, Box 167.

Mrs. Roy Payne, now of Sutherland, Nebr., General Delivery.

ONE GOOD DEED

Not all the charitable acts performed by firms and individuals in New York City during the present unemployment crisis seek or receive due recognition. The following is a case in point:

A woman shopper saw two urchins gazing through one of the windows of a department store. They were poorly dressed, ill-shod and shivering with cold. One of them, a child of 4 or 5 years, wore shoes so tattered that he could not lift his feet from the pavement without losing them—and had to shuffle along.

"Come with me," the woman said, and took his hand.

In the store they sought the shoe department. The boy's benefactor explained that she wished to buy him a pair of shoes to replace the tattered relics he wore.

"You will have to get a charity card, madam," the clerk said politely. "Downstairs!"

The shopper was in a hurry and explained that she had no time to secure the card; furthermore, she wished to pay for the boy's shoes herself.

The shoes were secured, fitted and the youngster sent home. The shoes, regularly retailing for about $3.50, were more beautiful than any he had ever owned.

His benefactor asked for her bill. It was 25 cents.

"We are very sorry, madam," the clerk told her. "Downstairs the shoes would have been furnished free. In this department we must charge a nominal price of 25 cents to cover bill of sale."

—*New York Sun.*

TO INSURE HAPPINESS

Today will be a happy day
If, first, you find some time to pray;
If, first, alone, you go apart
From worldly things, and, in your heart,
You make resolve to do your best
And then to God you leave the rest.
For God will take the hate and fear
Of yesterday and yesteryear
And, in their place, He'll make you feel
The light and love He would reveal,
Yes, this will be a happy day
If, friend, right now, you'll stop and pray.

UP THERE—"THE SAFEST PLACE THE MAIL EVER TRAVELED"

Snow was falling between Salt Lake City and Elko, Nevada, and a heavy fog was hiding the earth from the eyes of the air-mail pilot.

Night was coming on.

And thus the stage was set for one of the casualties which, recounted in the laconic reports of the pilots involved, form a unique collection in a certain file in the Air-Mil Division of the United States Post-office Department.

John Leo Coontz in the *Philadelphia Public Ledger Magazine,* leading up to what happened in the snow and fog between Salt Lake City and Elko, writes:

Pilot Paul Scott was on the mail run.

Fighting his way over the darkened route, Scott saw a "small hole" between the clouds and the fog. That should lead him, he figured, into better and brighter flying.

Accordingly, he swung his plane for the "hole" and dashed in.

"Suddenly," he says, "I found myself knocking the tops off cedar trees. When I came to, my face was buried in the snow, and I was groping for the switches.

"The cockpit was upside down. My left hand and arm were numb and useless.

"With my right I dug out enough snow to pull myself from under, and found a scrambled mass and bits of three-ply fabric, wires, and broken wings, with motor, radiator, and batteries scattered all around in the brush.

"My left shoulder was dislocated and my left arm, freezing rapidly, dangling behind my back.

"I started down the mountain in what I thought to be the general direction of a road. The snow was deep and there were many rough rocks to make walking difficult.

"I slipt on some shale, and suddenly discovered that I had knocked my shoulder back into place. I rubbed my left arm with snow until it thawed and felt normal. Then I walked down to the road, got to the railroad tracks, flagged a passenger-train, and sent a wire from Wells, Nevada, the first stop."

When the wrecking crew got to Scott's plane it was one of the sorriest wrecks ever recorded. For fifty yards it had cut a swath through the trees.

The wreck was 8,000 feet up a mountainside, and Scott had walked twelve miles through the snow in pain and misery so that the tradition of the mail service might be upheld.

A ball of fire sailing through the sky is a beautiful spectacle, but if that ball of fire happens to be a blazing plane with a pilot fighting for his life against explosion and flame, how quickly its beauty is transformed into tragedy!

Pilot Scott, the same man who walked twelve miles down a mountainside, injured, through deep snowdrifts, once had such a fire.

He was flying between Reno and Salt Lake City when, all of a sudden, the radiator of his ship exploded and his motor caught on fire. Scott set his controls and fought the fire in the air, using a pressure fire-extinguisher. But it availed him little.

The speed of his ship fanned the flame faster than his extinguisher could put it out. There was only one thing to do: give up the fight and try to make a landing. This he did, with fire creeping slowly toward his gasoline-tank.

Scott made a good landing, and then renewed the fight with his extinguisher, at the same time dragging the mail from the burning plane.

He was soon exhausted. Still he fought on, dragging mail to safety. Then a gasoline-tank exploded, sending a fiery spray in every direction. The plane was doomed, and so was the remaining mail. The heat was too terrific for him to rescue more.

Scott was fortunate in saving his life and what mail he did.

Sitting in his crashed plane high up on the Rockies, was an experience that tested the nerves of Pilot R. E. Ellis, who had taken the mail westbound from Rock Springs, Wyoming.

Pilot Ellis sat there in the snow until his rescuers could form a human chain down the side of the mountain to him, and pull him to the top.

Here is his story:

"Pilot Ellis left Rock Springs with the regular westbound mail in a strong headwind, circled the field, attaining an altitude of 9,200 feet (about 200 feet above the mountains), and headed for Salt Lake.

"While attempting to cross the mountains just west of Rock Springs field the ship was caught in a down-draft which, despite the fact that the motor was wide open, forced it down into the side of the mountains, striking about 500 feet below the peak.

"After striking the ground the plane slid

backward about fifty feet and stopped at an angle of about eighty degrees, the side of the mountain being almost perpendicular. "To reach the ship the mechanics had to climb to the top of the mountain, and from the top of the snow-line—about 100 feet above the plane—form a human chain and let themselves down. It required about two hours for them to reach the plane."

Ellis and his mail were rescued, but few more nerve-racking ordeals have been experienced by a man than sitting on the edge of an icy precipice that might at any moment slide him to death in the canyon below.

In fact, the postmen of the air have been up against everything but mail robbers.

Air-mail banditry has yet to take place. No plane carrying mail has been pursued by bandits and forced down and robbed.

The air is the safest place the mail has ever traveled. Wild stories have been written, officials of the Post-office Department point out, in which the pilot of a mail-plane has encountered bandits, and either been robbed or else frustrated the fiction bad men by his coolness and nerve. But in actual life no such thing has ever occurred, and the possibility of it is quite remote.

Recently, Verne E. Treat, one of the veterans of the mail service, had to leap for his life when caught in a fog, and forced to do so or crash as a result of exhausted gas supply.

The feats of Lindbergh are tradition in the mail service.

Because of the service that an air-mail pilot must render, every safeguard is thrown around him.

He is lighted on his way by powerful light-beacons placed every ten miles. Built on tall towers, these beacons flash their friendly messages through the sky at intervals all through the night. To the airman they say:

"Here you may land if you are in trouble; if not, I show you that you are on your course."

These lights are of 1,000,000 candle-power.

In addition, the air-mail pilot is assisted on his way by radio beacons that flash signals mysteriously through the ether for 150 miles.

The pilot gets these signals through a set of head-phones from a small receiving-set in his cockpit.

But the pilot is not yet "in the clear"; weather, his greatest Nemesis, must be taken into account. The Weather Bureau does its best for him.

Before climbing into his plane at the take-off field, the air-mail pilot has a weather report handed to him. This report is the result of a careful and extensive reporting system worked out by the United States Weather Bureau especially for aviation.

To serve the flyer better, the bureau now has seven central receiving-stations throughout the United States to which weather reports are sent. These reports come from selected points throughout the flying area contiguous to and along the mail routes. Not only are weather reports sent in from along the line of the mail routes, but also from either side of it for several miles.

The weather report handed the pilot at the flying-field before he takes off with the mail is a general report made up from the small ones coming in from along his route.

These reports are usually for four stations ahead, we read. They tell the pilot of weather conditions at these stations at the time of his take-off, and the probabilities he will face.

MEASURES SALT IN OCEAN

No matter how salty the ocean is it varies in different places. But a new electrical device recently developed by Dr. Frank Wenner, Bureau of Standards physicist, makes it possible to measure quickly and accurately the amount of salt in any part of the ocean. His apparatus has been put through the tests by both the Coast Guard and the Carnegie Institution of Washington and found highly satisfactory. One of its practical uses will be in aiding ocean liners to avoid icebergs. How, you ask? Well, that's easy. The salinity of the old frog pond changes in the vicinity of icebergs and the new device shows such changes. It is also expected to furnish the oceanographer much valuable data.

There is no service like his that serves because he loves.—*Sir Philip Sidney.*

No one knows as yet how far I have gone. I do not myself.—*Professor Albert Einstein.*

Politics and economics are not the masters of men—they are their servants.—*Owen D. Young.*

To get what you want, first know what you want.—*Rev. Bernard C. Clausen, D.D.*

GOOD HEALTH NOTES

DO NOT NEGLECT THE SMALL OPEN WOUND

Wounds of moderate or severe character usually receive prompt and proper treatment because of bleeding or the discomfort and disability that they cause. In this way are largely prevented the serious results of such cases.

It is in the fields of what seems to be trivial injuries that we often see some of the most heart-breaking disasters. Because the injured person has not thought it necessary to have prompt and proper treatment, complications have occurred which lead to serious consequence.

In our midst are micro-organisms capable of causing serious diseases or death if once they get loose in the human system through the smallest of abrasions of the skin or mucous membranes. In the dirt of our streets are the organisms which cause lockjaw and other forms of blood poisons. They may come to us through the nose or mouth or through some small cut or abrasion.

To illustrate the point, let us cite a typical case: J. B., a 9-year-old boy, was admitted to the hospital in a very serious condition. He had but little temperature and his pulse was nearly normal. His mind was clear, but he was having marked spasms of the voluntary muscles, particularly around the jaw.

When he attempted to eat or move these spasms were much aggravated, and he had difficulty in opening his mouth. The history of the case failed to show any injury whatever. A very careful examination of the body, however, revealed a small discharging wound on the ball of the right foot. It was very slight and had not been noticed, although, upon questioning, the boy remembered he had hurt himself 10 days before.

It proved to be one of those conditions so common on the foot where the weight of the ball on a sharp substance had caused a small penetrating wound, with the introduction of highly infectious germs. The clinical history and the symptoms made the case a perfectly clear, well-marked case of lockjaw, caused by the entrance of germs into the foot at the time of the injury.

The wound caused so little discomfort that the boy had not called anyone's attention to it. Yet here, 10 days later, he was suffering from one of the most deadly of our human ills. A little care at the time of the accident, the cleansing of the wound with tincture of iodine or some other efficient antiseptic, and the use of a small preventive dose of tetanus antitoxin, and no ill effects would have followed.

Make a New Year's resolution to impress your child with the necessity of reporting any and all injuries to you—whether they be blistered heels, punctured wounds of the foot, cut fingers, or the more seemingly serious deep knife wounds.

—*Roland Hill, M.D.* (*Gorgas Memorial Institute*).

SCHOOL CHILDREN'S EYES

The youngster who is restless, always looking out of the schoolroom window, and frequently getting into mischief, usually is troubled with some eye handicap, declared Dr. B. Franklin Royer, Medical Director of the National Society for the Prevention of Blindness, in a recent address at Grand Rapids, Michigan, before the Michigan Education Association. Upon correction of his visual difficulties, he said, it is generally easy to interest the child in his studies.

Dr. Royer went on:

"The youngster who is inclined to have headaches and digestive disturbances, and who is continually nervous, may be suspected of having too great an eye handicap to overcome without scientific aid.

"In addition to glasses, there are other aids for the school child, such as correct posture while at study, intermittent periods of eye use for near and distant vision, safeguarding of the eye from possible congestion from faulty posture at work or play, maintenance of general nutrition, and a check-up to see that the protective measures instituted at school are appreciated, understood, and obtaining also in the home.

"Fortunately, science has made it possible to correct the two major faults of the eyes—far-sightedness and near-sightedness—with very simple procedures. A convex lens is used to correct far-sightedness, while a concave lens is used for near-sightedness. However, children having astigmatism together with other eye faults are the children most apt to suffer from eye-strain; they are, incidentally, the children least apt to do well in school.

"The near-sighted child, it goes without saying, must always have his vision cor-

rected with lenses. Glasses will not only enable him to see with less strain, but they will also prevent the near-sightedness from becoming worse.

"Teachers are sometimes distressed when near-sighted children, first getting glasses, show a constant desire to remove them in school. The reason is easily explained. The child sees better for close reading with his glasses off than with them on. There is usually no difficulty in getting a near-sighted child to wear glasses for distant vision, although they may find them troublesome on the athletic field.

"The teacher, however, should have a keen appreciation of why the glasses are worn for close work. The explanation usually given is that the near-sighted child needs to wear his glasses for close work in order to require the inside eye muscles to take such action as may be necessary to bulge the lens a little. It is this to-and-fro muscle action for bulging and then relaxing the lenses that gives normal tone to inside eye-structures, an end so highly desirable in preventing progress of the near-sightedness.

"The teacher is the most important individual in the community in the conservation of vision. She appreciates the child's needs; she may very largely determine whether or not those needs can be met. As she comes in contact with the parents of the children, if they need a physician's eye care, her requests usually get justice for the child. As she appreciates the special advantages of adequate light in the school, she will secure it from the school authorities, and she will impress upon parents the necessity of similar lighting adjustment in the home."

Mistress: "Clematis, I think I smell something burning downstairs. Did you remember to turn off the electric iron when you left the ironing-board, as I told you?"

Maid (newly arrived from the South): "Yes'm, I did. I mos' surely did. I pulled dat chain once lak you tol' me, and den I pull it again, to make sure."

—*Life.*

Three-year-old Nancy's father had installed a new radio. Nancy listened with rapt attention to everything: music, speeches, and station announcements. That night she knelt to say her "Now I lay me." At the end she paused a moment, and then said: "Tomorrow night at this time there will be another prayer."

—*The Christian Herald.*

COLORED SNOW

It seems curious that, in any place in the world, snow should be colored; but, as a matter of fact, there are four distinct localities in which it may be seen. In the Arctic regions, there are large and small patches of a blood-red color. For many years, scientists were puzzled not only by the Arctic colored snow, but also by the carmine-colored snow found in the Alps. After much research, they learned that the color resulted from minute particles of pollen dust blown from the red snow plant.

In the Himalayas, much the same conditions exist, and the color is of a reddish tint, with an occasional change to dark yellow. Sometimes banks of red and yellow snow lie almost side by side.

Perhaps the most curious of all is the chocolate-colored snow found in the northeastern part of China. This, however, is not caused by plant dust. It is one of the noted phenomena of China, and not only does the fallen snow have this color, but, while a storm is raging, the snow in the air is of the same hue. The reason lies in the vast dust storms of the Gobi Desert. When such a dust storm occurs, the fine sand is carried for hundreds of miles across the country. In winter, when a snowstorm rages, the snow and dust mingle, giving the astonished traveler the new experience of being in a chocolate snowstorm.

These storms in the Gobi Desert begin in midwinter and continue until the latter part of June; so that, during the winter, a chocolate snowstorm is a frequent occurrence, although its extent may be limited to a small area. Sometimes, however, such a storm is carried for hundreds of miles to the east coast.

Occasionally other phenomena occur, as, for example, when one of those wild storms, approaching a hurricane in force, sweeps over a vast acreage of land. Then it picks up everything movable, and beans, cereals, and even frogs are carried for a score of miles or more. Frogs are thus carried when the storm sweeps over a shallow pond, scoops up all the water, and leaves a mudhole in its stead. Many frogs carried through the air in this way, live through the experience.

—*The Christian Register.*

Never mind whom you praise, but be careful whom you blame.—*Gosse.*

THE NEW ENGLAND SWAMP IN WINTER

It was the morning after the first real snow of the winter. The fields, meadows and woods lay snugly under their new-spun white comforters. The day was breaking in a glorious symphony of color over the sky line of the Temple Mountains, across the Contoocook valley. The glistening white top of Monadnock was flaming in scarlet, purple and violet.

I whistled to Nenaderthal, the wire-haired fox terrier who was growling ferociously at two gray squirrels, Sohrab and Rustum, sitting calmly and indifferently on a limb of the big maple at the corner of the house. Down across the field we went—in a hurry to get to the big swamp. For there is no spot like a New England swamp in winter! There it is that the nature lover may read a hundred and one tales of comedy, tragedy and everyday living of the wild folk.

The pines and hemlocks were dressed in white. Each stalk of the tall, sturdy swamp grass was laced in crystals. The hummocks were round domes of purity. Gone is the steaming swamp of summer time. Where a few months ago it was a real problem in navigation to explore, now is easy walking on the frozen mud and water.

Ah—here it is again. Rarely does Kooza the Red Fox, fail me. After every storm he explores the swamp, to see what he can find for breakfast. His tracks are clean-cut, dainty, evenly spaced. He was walking here not many minutes ago. Perhaps now he is curled up on a rock in the pasture watching with tolerant amusement a man and harmless dog. Not that Neanderthal thinks he is harmless! Far from it. Even now he is sniffing tracks and making funny, fierce-sounding noises in his throat. Neanderthal looks up—such a self-satisfied, alibi-proof look. "Huh! It's a lucky thing that fox isn't around here. What I'd do to him!" Then with his tail cocked at an important angle, he trots off ahead into the swamp. Neanderthal knows the morning-after-the-storm route by heart.

All about are the trailing marks of Titeena, the busy little field mouse. You can always tell her trail, because she drags her tail! Here under this clump of grasses she has dug for seeds. A bit farther in, on a knoll covered with stunted pines, are more mice tracks. But these are Meeta's, the dainty, tiny wood-mouse, cousin of Titeena. Meenta always reminds me of a worried, gray-shawled, little woman. In her fur coat of delicate gray, she is always digging about, seemingly anxious to lay up stores against the rainy day.

Suddenly Neanderthal sets up a terrific barking—that is, terrific for him. I hurry ahead as I always do. But this time he has really made a discovery. For he has discovered one of nature's tragedies. The scarlet drops on the white snow, a few brownish-barred feathers, tell where Gumbo, the great-horned owl, swooped down on Binka, the partridge, as he was searching for his morning meal. See, there are the depressions in the snow where Gumbo's powerful wings struck to gather force to launch his heavy body in the air.

The next stop is "Rabbit Glade." In the heart of the swamp is a shadowy, eerie open space, perhaps fifty feet in diameter. It is entirely surrounded by giant hemlocks. The glade is a confused jumble of tracks. It looks as if a thousand rabbits had been playing hop-skotch for a decade, but probably half a dozen made all those tracks. Neanderthal always acts as if he would drop of heart failure here. He starts pell-mell over one trail, hits one going at right angles, turns like a flash on that, in a minute hits another. In a jiff he is so confused, he is dizzy. Usually it ends when I laugh, and with disgust written all over him, he starts for the next stop.

The small trout brook which flows through one end of the swamp is a highway for the wild folk. Up and down the banks, Marqueeta, the mink, travels. He is one of the most blood-thirsty and cruel of our New England animals. In his footprints, one may read the cunning and determination of his nature. They are well defined, as if each step marked an instant nearer his previously decided goal. The tracks of Foozy, the muskrat, are broader, with his bare, rat-like tail dragged carelessly behind. He is inclined to wander about, under bushes and in the little side-draws.

Now the sun is up. As we turn homeward, and breakfastward, along the valley road, curling wreaths of smoke are rising from the farm homes. Monadnock looms whitely and serenely. The wild folks are off on another day's living.

—*Haydn S. Pearson in Boston Transcript.*

The secret of success is constancy of purpose.

A PAGE FOR THE CHILDREN

BECAUSE OF CRUTCHES

A small mill pond lay in an open field. Once that field had been a beautiful woodland, but now there was not a tree in sight. An old cellar-hole was at one side, where some years before there had been a sawmill. Now, only the pond remained.

It was a chilly day and ice had formed on the pond. It was so thick at one end that investigating boys were sure it was right for skating. When they came back with their skates they brought with them a boy on crutches, Jack Douglas. They liked to have him with them, for he was the merriest boy in all their group. It seemed as if his tongue tried to make up for the weakness of his thin legs.

Often, when it was cold, they would bundle him up in their extra sweaters and coats while they kept themselves warm skating, so he could sit by the edge of the pond while they played on the ice. This morning they piled their wraps on him with many a jest, and ran off to skate saying: "Now Fido, keep watch of our coats while we skate!" Fido was their pet name for him.

So "Fido" Jack sat on the bank and snuggled gratefully down among the coats and sweaters. Of course, deep down in his heart, he was longing to skate just as much as they—but there was no use remembering such things, he had learned. It just tore your insides to pieces thinking about things you couldn't ever do! But he could make them laugh, and their laughter rang out clear and shrill as he tossed them merry jokes from the bank.

Once a boy nearly fell in and was dragged back to safety just in time by Dick Tolman, a tall, kindly boy who always remembered to look after the smaller children wherever he was. As Jack watched Dick, he wished with all his heart that he could have been in Dick's place and saved that boy. But that thought only brought all the others that he mustn't remember.

All at once there was a crack like a pistol shot, and with a splash Dick himself went under and was now struggling to the surface. There was neither stick nor rope in sight. But as the boys looked frantically about them, Jack was tying three sweaters together and hitching them to both his crutches.

"Take these, Ned," he cried to the nearest boy. "Hold on to one crutch and slide the other out to Dick. Quick!"

Ned grabbed them and did as told.

"Lie down, Ned. Tom, take hold of his legs so he won't get in, too."

Dick's head appeared for the second time and he grasped one crutch. The ice creaked.

"Get off the ice, all you other boys!" called Jack. "Give him a chance!"

Again the ice creaked, but it held, and little by little Dick was drawn to safety. One crutch snapped just as Dick reached firm ice, but Jack had no more need for crutches that day, for he was carried in triumph on the shoulders of his comrades right to his own door. And after that, those boys loved "Fido" more than ever, and always took him along "for safety," they told him.

"And to think," said Jack to his mother, afterwards, "if I'd had legs like the rest, Dick would have been drowned!"

—Katharine Harrington.

FAIRIES

I never saw a fairy till I found
An aphis lion and her funny eggs
Poised on their silky stalks above a leaf,
Like shadows of the water strider's legs.

I never knew the beach folk till I saw
The tiger beetle taxying on the strand,
Or found the clever wasp, Ammophila,
That makes a hammer of a grain of sand.

I saw a fairy tailor when I found
A rose-leaf scissored by a cutter bee
Who left round holes. The circlets she had used
To line her babies' cradles in some tree.

I found a tiny gnome, quite comical,
The small tree-hopper, spectacled and fat;
No brownie could be funnier than he,
With high-peaked thorax like a clumsy hat.

These little folk, the ladybugs and ants,
The caddis flies with well-constructed homes,
And big-jawed nymphs of lovely dragon flies,
They really are the fairies and the gnomes.

—Helen F. Watson.

THE HEATHEN CHINEE

"The Chinaman is a comical individual in some ways," observes Robert O'Neal, formerly of China but now of Tampa.

Naturally he is honest if of the better class. In fact he is capable in good or bad, owing to conditions, and will meet you on your own grounds no matter what game you may play commercially. Yet withall he is a humorous type and displays his blandness unconsciously.

One time when a Chinaman fruit vender came around on his daily tour, with two baskets suspended from the ends of a pole which he carried balanced on his shoulder, I gave him an English shilling instead of a 25-cent piece. After closely inspecting the coin he handed it back, saying: "It no good; not got chicken on it." (There is no eagle on the British coin.)

At another time he informed me that he had received a letter from China saying, "my father he die."

"Killed in the war?" I asked John.

"No," said John, "he die himself."

The Chinaman cannot utter the letter "r" so he substitutes "l" instead, which often changes the word entirely. For instance, the word "bar" becomes "bal," "Harry" is "Hally" and "blackberry pie" sounds ridiculous when a Chinaman tries to say it.

A lady who had employed a Chinaman as cook asked him his name.

"Me name Sang Toy Lee," he said.

"Ah, your name is too long," the lady replied. "I will call you John."

"All light," responded John, "what your name?"

"Mrs. Charlotte Anne Hemingway," she told him.

"Your name too long too," remarked John, "I call you Cholly."

—*The Pathfinder.*

The best way to look at trouble is through the wrong end of a telescope.

"How do you account for the editors always refusing your articles?"

"Really I haven't—er—the ghost of an idea."

"Ah! perhaps that is the reason."

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

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To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

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